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Morning—Evening—Sunday

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SEPTEMBER 24, 1922

SOMETHING WRONG.

As congress closes, the spokesman for the republican majority solemnly rises in his seat and sends word to the country that the present administration saved the tax payers an even billion dollars last year.

That sum, he asserts, has come from the many economies and through the wise legislation of congress.

Unfortunately the echo of the presidential veto had hardly stilled, a veto which forbade any tender of justice to the service man and which was based upon the ground that the public treasury is empty, that there is a deficit of six hundred and fifty millions of dollars, that all business would be bankrupted and the country driven upon the rocks if any payments are made at this time.

The ordinary citizen has seen little or no reduction in his taxes. It is true that some taxes were lowered but these were upon the higher levels of excess profits. Ford, for instance, was saved something like thirty-five millions by the operation of the new schedules.

There was also a slight lifting of burdens of those who earn \$2,000 a year, but in between these two the burden still remains and the old tributes are still levied.

The man or woman who goes to the picture shows still pays a tax. They pay on every deed or note that is drawn. They pay on each little inexpensive luxury that have come to mean necessities under the American standard of living.

Until that billion dollars is interpreted to the great mass of men and women in terms of real money and real savings on expenses, there will be a doubt as to its correctness.

A country that saved a billion a year ought to be able to pay something on its debt to men who were treated with discrimination during the war. It ought to be able to run along without borrowing vast sums as temporary loans, totaling hundreds of millions of dollars.

The evidence will not be complete or satisfactory until every man, woman and child can find some part of that billion in their own pockets.

A BABY'S DREAMS.

Turn from the sordid sensations, the rumors of wars, the latest scandals to something most important.

A babe celebrates its advent into the world by calling "mother," distinctly and plainly three times before it had been a resident ten minutes. Such at least is the story that comes over the wires.

Doctors will smile and tell you that it is impossible. They will shake their heads and say that no child ever utters a word until it learns from its elders and that all of its knowledge and impressions must be obtained by experience.

But no doctor will deny that a baby, a month old, smiles in its dreams and that its slumbers are often a mask for something pleasant.

Reformers who lament some of the present day customs and habits of life, who protest against sensationalism in the news, who thunder against salacious pictures and who lift their eyes in horror at the newest styles, are commended to study the smile upon the face of a sleeping babe. When they learn the secret of that smile, they will have a starting point from which to reform the world.

The physiologist who has studied dreams tell you that they come from that subconscious mind which is the store house or the reservoir for the conscious mind.

They will explain that in sleep the active or conscious mind is subordinated to that other mind which retains the impressions and the memories much longer than does the alert and thinking brain.

They will tell you that it is impossible for dreams to picture anything outside of the dreamers human experience. The picture may be distorted, but it always comes in terms of experience.

Apply that sage wisdom to the sleeping babe. At a month it has had but three sensations, that of appetite satisfied, of warmth or cold, and of the soothing sensation of touch of flannel.

Do you believe that the smiles that come to its little face as it kicks and gurgles in its sleep is a memory of its last meal?

Or do you believe that pretty legend of the housewives that it smiles because the angels are playing with its toes?

Something really greater than that is happening, for undoubtedly the babe brings to the world memories that have been gathered through centuries of ancestors, memories that are transmitted through the little cells, memories that have tendencies for good and for evil and that can come to cheer or to frighten the new born.

When that mystery of life is solved, human beings will be more careful of their own conduct and of the memories that they are sending down through the centuries.

That fear will be greater than the one of punishment on earth, for there will be no one who would not shrink from fostering deceiving visions that would find their expression upon the smooth face of a babe.

Perhaps, when man knows the real secret for that smiling dream he will also find himself so akin to all good and to all time that he will have no room for interest in the salacious and the sensational.

Anyway, pondering over the source of that sleeping smile may be much more wholesome than wondering what the next witness will say or what new scandal the day will bring forth.

THE FINEST TRIBUTE.

The finest tribute that can be paid to the usefulness of any institution is a willingness on the part of the people to part with money in order that it may continue.

That tribute was paid to the Y. M. C. A. during the week when the money needed for its work during the next year was raised in a few days.

Compared to the benefits which it brings to the

community, the \$25,000 needed for its expense is triflingly small.

Five years ago, however, this amount would have been obtained only by the hardest and most persistent of appeals, through argument and persuasion, through numerous visits to men and women of means.

Today, the announcement of its necessities is a sufficient appeal to public purse and interest to obtain an immediate response and the work of the business men who engaged in its collection was largely a perfunctory matter of finding the right people in their offices.

This institution has made a real place for itself in the community life of this city. Its training of boys in gymnastics, its night schools, its attention to crippled children have won for it a place in the affections and in the thought of the city that is more than enviable.

The money that it needed was not given grudgingly but with a hope that its fine work may be continued and its influence be even deeper and broader upon the character of the youth of this city.

YOUR POWERS.

Lulu M. Cargill, clerk in the New York postoffice, takes from Nina E. Holmes of Detroit the title of "champion letter sorter of the world."

Miss Holmes attracted attention by sorting 20,610 letters in eight hours, or nearly 43 a minute.

Miss Cargill sorts 30,215 letters in eight hours, which is better than one a second. And she sorted the first 23,600 letters without pausing. Then she stopped for a cup of tea.

Sorting a letter means picking it up, reading the address, recalling the postal route to reach the address, then tossing the letter into the proper bag.

Miss Cargill is 26 years old. She has been a postal clerk only three years.

Miss Cargill, you reflect, must have wonderful coordination of body and mind. A brain that works with lightning swiftness has automatically perfect teamwork with a body that perfectly obeys her rapid brain.

The body is a collection of machines, each trying to work co-operatively for the good of all. It is a more perfect system of government than man has been able to devise.

Miss Cargill, judging from her work, has what scientists would call "an extraordinary well-balanced system of endocrine glands."

In the so-called "efficient" person, the body glands speed up when needed and slow down when the energy of the body is required by the other glands.

In a boy who is growing too rapidly, as a result of abnormal activity by the pituitary gland in the brain, the other glands slow down and surrender part of their share of the body's energy. With most of his energy devoted to growing, the lad is apt to be otherwise languid.

Or, for example, you suddenly are in danger, which requires a quick use of reserve energy. The word is telegraphed through the blood. The message is sent out by the adrenal glands, which stand guard as a mobilizer of reserve energy. Other glands slow down, as if saying, "If the adrenal fail in this emergency, we all perish."

The heart responds to the adrenals and rushes blood to the arms or other parts of the body that have to meet the danger. This rush of blood is why "the face goes white" in a time of peril.

The crisis met and conquered, the blood rushes back to normal distribution through the body. The other glands "come to life." The sudden change makes the person, calm in danger, half-collapse "after it's all over."

OUT OF THE SPACES.

Astronomers, who went to Australia to photograph an eclipse of the sun say that they saw a corona 40,000 miles wide from which four long streamers of light shot forth, one of them extending two and a half million miles from the center of the sun.

A philosopher might reach the conclusion that man is but the tiniest of atoms in the great universe, so insignificant as not to matter much, when millions of miles of space suggest a defying vastness of space and time.

Only a scientist has any idea of what that distance might mean. Imagination can hardly follow the light, to say nothing of trying to translate that distance into terms of ordinary human experience.

Taking it for granted that these astronomers know what they are talking about, there is ample room for thought as to what lies out in those vast spaces, in those millions of miles that stretch away into infinity of endlessness.

And after you have tried your best to people it with your dreams and to chart it according to your own ideas, it might be well to remember that the insignificant human atom, following that light with his eye, must have some great importance in the scheme of things or he would not even care to measure that illuminating shaft.

Less than two thousand years ago human beings, confronted by a solar eclipse with its sudden darkening of the source of heat and of life, fell upon their knees to pray.

The savage today, when this phenomenon occurs, offers sacrifices to his particular idols and attributes it to the working of evil spirits or angered demons.

In a very brief space of time, man has learned to study the skies, the planets and the suns, to know that they run upon their courses according to definite and regular laws and that order is the rule of the universe.

And man has only just begun. The only thing greater than that shaft of light is the intelligence of man which measures it.

Limitless as the great spaces seem, there is one goal more limitless, and that is the power of thought and the possibilities of the human mind.

Some things that are most unusual today will be well understood tomorrow, just as the eclipse to a thinking man became a natural order of affairs and not the miracle of a demon.

Study those spaces. Study, too, the spaces of your own mind and try to send some piercing shaft of light into the dark mysteries of things that now make for tragedy and before which men shrink and shudder.

"We have too many single men," says a minister. An old maid tells us there are even more than that.

Other Editors Than Ours

HATREDS (Seattle Star)
French artists vote overwhelmingly to permit German and Austrian artists again to exhibit their paintings in Paris salons. Firmin Gémier, France's leading actor-manager, says art is international. He welcomes German performers back to Paris.

Hatred is dying out in Europe, you reflect. Maybe so among the people. But not among politicians. French government tells the League of Nations that she cannot reduce her army, now 690,000. However, that is more fear than hatred, though the two are psychological twins.

What Is Love?
Specialist in Love Philosophy Tells

What's Your View?

What do you think about love? And marriage? And divorce? Look at this novel questionnaire prepared by a man who says he has made a scientific study of the subject. The "love philosopher" of Bridgeport recommends:
Make marriage harder, divorce easier.
Abolish wedding rings.
Keep wives out of business.
Men not marry until 30, women until 25.
What do you think? How would you answer the love questionnaire?

By Edward M. Thierry

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Sept. 23.—Do you know what love is? Maybe you do, but the 10 to 1 you don't, says Dr. Simon Louis Katzoff, physician and psychoanalyst.

"Amazing ignorance exists," says Dr. Katzoff, who bases his judgment on contact with some 100 students in his "American School for Successful Matrimony," established a year ago.

A "love questionnaire" is his latest contribution to a subject which he says has had too little study and research. It followed completion of his forthcoming book, "How To Hold Your Husband."

"People who fall in and out of love don't think enough," says the Bridgeport philosopher. "To teach them to think about something that

Q—Which loves more deeply, man or woman?

A—Woman, of course; due to her natural instinct.

Q—Is love at first sight dependable?

A—No. Not even at "second sight"—unless it receives the proper care: service, devotion, patience, tenderness and intelligence.

Q—Should sexology be taught in public school?

A—Yes. But the right of those parents who are opposed to it should be respected: it is the school that is public, not the child.

Q—Should men wear wedding rings?

A—No. Even women should not wear rings. They are relics of chattel slavery.

Q—Should parents control their children's marriages?

A—No. Advice, yes, but it must be given with kindness and intelligence to be effective, and never with parental autocracy.

Q—Should deathbed marriage promises be binding?

A—No. Intelligent parent would exact such a promise.

Q—Should "obey" be stricken from the marriage vow?

A—Yes, by all means.

Q—Should women pursue business or profession after marriage?

A—No; unless economic circumstances demand it. One of the primary causes of matrimonial "blow-outs" is the working of women after marriage; one "man in the family is enough."

Q—Should women retain their own names after marriage?

A—No, unless an actress, artist or author. The most important business for a woman after marriage is to build a happy home.

Q—Is divorce by "mutual" consent practicable?

A—Yes. Husband and wife know more about it than the judge. Marriage should be made harder and divorce easier. Divorce laws should be uniform.

Q—At what age should young people marry?

A—Men today do not understand the responsibilities and significance of marriage before 30; women before 25; some never.

Bridgeport's love philosopher says parents should learn the "scientific principles governing the relationship and welfare of married people" and then save the younger generation from unhappiness by teaching them what they have themselves learned from experience, observation and reflection.



DR. SIMON LOUIS KATZOFF.

is the very foundation of life I have prepared my love questionnaire."

Here it is, as given for Dr. Katzoff's answers, too:

Q—What is love?

A—Love can no more be defined adequately than electricity. It is a vital power within us, apparently dormant until we meet one of the opposite sex who wakes it into beautiful consciousness; it is the greatest builder of manhood and womanhood; without it no marriage can be a success.

Gland Transplanting For Youths
and Aged Cause Chimpanzee Death

By HERBERT M. DAVIDSON,

(L. N. S. Staff Correspondent.)

PARIS, Sept. 20.—Man's insatiable desire to prolonged youth has sounded the death-knell for the race of chimpanzees.

Every chimpanzee and other large ape in the jungles of Africa is doomed to extinction within a comparatively short period unless the transference of monkey glands to weakened and weak-minded children and to old men who have lost their vigor proves to be based on false theory or unless some way of keeping chimpanzees healthy and happy in captivity is discovered by zoo-keepers.

Neither of these last events seems likely, alas, for the chimpanzees! And, alas for Dr. Serge Veronoff, who has announced from his Parisian laboratory that he will soon make positive and scientific assertion, following three years of satisfactory clinical experimentation, that any chimpanzee gland may be transferred with good result to the human body.

Already Dr. Veronoff has succeeded in increasing the vitality of the old with the use of interstitial glands from the chimpanzee and of the young with the same ape's thyroid glands.

"It requires three years for the full effects of the transference to be felt," he told newspapermen, "and as I began work three years ago I shall soon be able to announce definite results."

The only trouble, according to Dr. Veronoff, is in getting enough chimpanzees. He has nine at present and needs more. Each costs at least \$500 to bring from Africa. As yet the glands of no other ape have been discovered to be adaptable for the purpose. The operations will become more common — the chimpanzees more rare.

Dr. Veronoff, whose wife was Miss Fanny Boetwick, American heiress, supports his own laboratory and pays all costs of his experimental operations, including importing and maintaining the chimpanzees.

Just Folks By Edgar A. Guest

HOME.

Home is the place where a man can rest.

Home is the spot where life's joys are best.

Battle for glory and strive for gain. Stand to the ache and the hurt and pain.

Rise or fall, but at last your feet Will once more come to the little street.

And the wide swung door and the sheltering roof Which are hatred and malice and envy-proof.

There, if only your heart is kind, Faith that shall last to the end you'll find.

There is bravery, day by day, Standing with you as you fight your way.

There are the smiles that shall cheer you on.

Smiles that will live when the world is gone.

There, though all in the world revile, Abide the truest and the praiseworthy while.

Under the roof where your babes were born

There is no corner that harbors scorn.

Search it through and there's no one near

Who views your toll with a bitter sneer;

Never a doubting heart that stands To mock the strength of your weary hands.

Oh, the world may laugh and the world deride

But the eyes of your loved ones glow with pride.

Home at night with the setting sun, Whether the battle be lost or won!

Home, away from the teeming crowd And the joust for gain with its noises loud.

Back to the spot where the clamorous cease

And the gentle rooms that are sweet with peace.

Home to laughter and mirth and bliss

And faith that is sealed with an evening kiss.

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Engagement Stirs

Fires of Vendetta

BERLIN, Sept. 16.—For more than a century a furious vendetta has raged at the small Corsican village of Olivesse, near Ajaccio, between the families of Paolotti and Sarti.

About 70 men, 30 women and even several children have been killed within the last 50 years in this family feud.

When recently there seemed to come about a peaceful settlement of the strife at the announcement of the engagement of a 16-year-old girl of the Paolotti and a youth of 20 of

the Sarti, the latter family suddenly declared that the girl had flirted with some other boys of the village. A heated discussion followed, this charge, during which old Sarti stabbed Paolotti to death. The family members joined the fight, and three men were killed and four severely wounded.

The villagers are now split into two factions over the vendetta, and fighting is going on from time to time. The government seems unable to handle the situation.

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ANYONE who plans to build a home should make sure at the very outset that only quality materials are to be used. It should not be necessary for him to check each item to know that satisfactory supplies are going into every part of his home.

The fine old homes for which we supplied material almost half a century ago and which are standing in good condition today, are evidence of the fact that we stock and furnish only quality material. Anyone can feel absolutely confident that a home built from material gotten from these yards will be well built.

Drop in and talk it over. Remember that a word of advice now from experienced builders may save you a world of trouble later. If you are interested in plans, look through our many plan books. The home pictured above is included.

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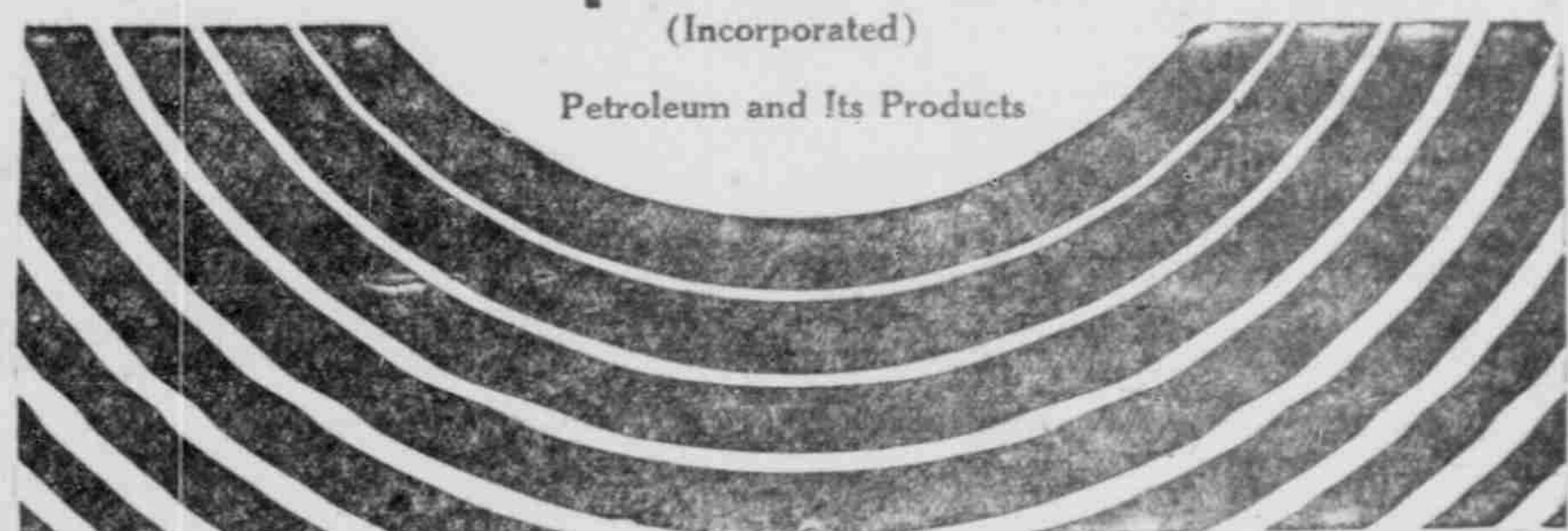
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